

Fixing Things

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Gobber

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-27 17:31:20

Updated: 2012-12-27 17:31:20

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:15:21

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 954

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Just a quick little one-shot I wrote. As a blacksmith, it's Gobber's job to fix things from swords to nails to axes to hooks.

However broken relationships between fathers and sons were NOT in the job description

Fixing Things

A/N: I don't own How to Train Your Dragon!

Summary: Just a short, sweet little one-shot I wrote a while back and decided to post to let you guys know I'm not dead.

****Fixing Things****

Gobber the Belch was a blacksmith. And as such, it was his job to fix things.

But HONESTLY!?

Gobber shook his head as he shaped his latest project. When he took the job as village blacksmith as an apprentice when he was 13, he thought he would be fixing axes, swords, daggers, and other weapons. As he trained, he learned that he had other duties such as fixing small items like hooks and making nails to rebuild the houses the dragons burned down.

But he should have known he would be different from any ordinary blacksmith. He lived on Berk under the reign of Stoick the Vast.

Not that there was anything wrong with that. Stoick was Gobber's best friend and vice versa. Gobber was the only one who had seen Stoick to almost being in tearsâ€|more than once now.

But Stoick's son, Hiccup, was no ordinary Viking. The kid had been born almost three months too early. At first Stoick had taken it like

a good omen. Valhallarama, Stoick's late wife, had gone into labor during a dragon raid and it had been an ongoing joke that Hiccup just wanted to join the fight. However, due to his early arrival, Hiccup had been very nearly born stillborn. And then he kept getting sick so he never properly developed. Between that and Stoick's overprotectiveness that doubled after Val died when the kid was seven, Hiccup never became a 'proper' Viking.

So, Gobber was given an eight year old apprentice in hopes that he could put some muscles on the kid's bones.

Didn't work out.

But he did manage to teach Hiccup a few tricks of the trade. And the boy knew that it was a blacksmith's jobs to fix things

Gobber put his project in the bucket of water to cool the metal and set it on the anvil to examine it even though his mind was elsewhere.

Fixing a broken relationship between a father and son was NOT in the job description. Yet he had spent almost eight years trying.

Gobber returned to reality and examined the project. He nodded and headed to the house on the hill.

When he got there, he knocked and opened the door to reveal Stoick sitting by the bed that they had moved down to the main floor. In the bed was Hiccup, still unconscious after his first real battle. On the other side of the bed was the Night Fury watching Hiccup sleep.

"Anything?" Gobber asked

"The fever's gone down" Stoick informed his friend. "But still there. How're things in the village?"

"Fine. Kids found out dragons don't like eels." Gobber said "How're YEH doing Stoick?"

"Like the gods are punishing me" Stoick confessed

"Well, best way teh get teh a father is teh go after the kid." Gobber said

Stoick glared.

"Yeh know I'm not one fer tact." Gobber defended

"True" Stoick mused before turning to his son

The house was silent.

"It's all he ever wanted since he started working fer me." Gobber said "Yor approval."

More silence.

"Anyways, I made him this." Gobber said pulling out the project. "It's designed teh latch into a specially designed stirrup so he

could go flying and be able teh control that fin."

Toothless perked up at that

"Thanks." Stoick said

"We might as well put it on now so his body could get used teh it. Knowing Hiccup, first thing he'll do when he wakes up is climb out of bed. It'll be a nasty shock without the fake leg." Gobber said chuckling as he remembered recovering from when he lost his leg.

It wasn't a month after loosing his hand that he lost his leg due to a Nightmare. He had fainted as the dragon clamped down on it and when he woke up, he climbed out of bed and fell FLAT on his face.

"It'll be a nasty shock WITH it." Stoick reminded his friend.

The chief took a deep breath and removed the blanket. Toothless whimpered at the sight of the stump.

Gobber walked the chief through how to slip the new appendage on in case Hiccup needed to take it off.

"There" Gobber said once it was attached.

"Thank you Gobber." Stoick said

"Yeh said that already." Gobber said with an eyeroll.

"Not fer that. Fer being there fer him when I wasn't" Stoick said.
"Fer being the father I never was."

"The only thing I did differently was that I let him vent" Gobber said "Look. I know yeh love him. He's yor flesh and blood. Not teh mention all yeh have left of Val besides that hunk of metal yeh wear on yor head. But we're Vikings and it's hard teh show it. I understand that. I've done my part in fixing yor relationship with him by erasing any qualms he might have about yor love fer him. And that Night Fury helped by instilling the courage he needed teh be himself and teh help rid us of one of the barriers. The Gods left him with us teh give yeh this chance teh try again. I'm telling you this as yor friend Stoick. Use this chance."

"I will Gobber" Stoick promised

"And teh do that, all yeh have teh do is one thing: COM-MUN-I-CATE!" Gobber said. "Half the stuff yeh did teh protect him, he didn't know why yeh were doing it."

"Thanks fer the tip." Stoick said.

"I'm a blacksmith. It's my jobs teh fix things." Gobber said with a shrug.

The End

End
file.